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SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE, DELIVERED ON ASH-WEDNESDAY,

IN THE CATHOLIC CHAPEL, WAKEFIELD,

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COBB, S. J.

God is not a man, that He should lie, neither the son of man, that he should repent; hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?"—Numbers xxiii. 19.

In opening this course of lectures, my Christian hearers, it is my most anxious desire that my words may not be misconstrued, or my motives maligned. I wish to unfold to you the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. I wish to offend no man. It is my earnest desire to do good to all men; but at the same time what I am about to utter may not fall pleasant on every ear; for even the truth is sometimes bitter. I must, as a faithful servant, fill the office assigned me: I stand here as the minister of the living God, at my peril not to conceal the slightest iota of the truth of that God. I must not be deterred by any worldly consideration from exhibiting error in all its deformities, and portraying truth in all its shining and glittering splendour. For, my Christian hearers, sorry I am to say, that though the truth be one, and indivisible, yet it is lamentable to see men, having pretensions to common sense, endeavour to split the pillar of God's omnipotence. For on whatever side we look, we see conflicting doctrines spread through the length and breadth of the land. We see men running after this doctrine, and after that, endeavouring to tear asunder the unsullied truth of revelation. Yes, the most loose indifference is advancing with rapid strides amongst us, my Christian friends, taking the place of religious friendship and religious truth. There are men endeavouring to sow dissensions amongst families, inflaming the worst passions of men's nature, setting man against man, and brother against brother. It is, my Christian friends, on this religious indifference that I wish to speak to you this evening. We should wish to see all men follow a religion; but what religion men should follow is the stumbling-block over which we fall; it is the point which severs our opinions far and wide. Some will tell us all religions are good, that all that is necessary is to keep to the spirit of religion; in that religion under which a man is born, in that let him live, and in that religion let him close his eyes in death; for in that religion there are good and bad, in that there are saints and sinners. My Christian friends, were it given to the enemy of man to appear in human form amongst us, and give us maxims, this would be his reasoning, these would be the arguments he would use. Let us once become indifferent to religious morality, let us loose its binding influence, and the cross of Christ is destroyed, the religion of God is overthrown, and the enemy of God and man reigns triumphant over the deluded souls of mortals. My Christian friends, it seems to me monstrous and absurd, that any rational being could for a moment entertain this foul, this abhorrent, this destructive tenet; and yet there are men anxious to cast aside the maxims of the Christian belief, that they may become leaders and partizans, who, for a momentary fame hesitate not to rush into the vortex of folly and absurdity. But, my Christian friends, let us admit these maxims in their full force, and look steadfast in the face of the impious and dreadful consequences; then the Pagan is equal to the true believer, and the Mussulman stands side by side with the faithful and pious Christian. Let the man who makes so general and sweeping an assertion, let him take it in its fullest sense, let him go to Turkey, and he become a Turk, let him go to India, and he become an idolater; because, generally speaking, these men hold their own peculiar religion to be the best, and themselves good men. What a predicament is the Christian then placed in! for, according to his own assertion, every religion is good; then, if a Pagan or Turk be a strictly moral man, a charitable neighbour, a kind father, an indulgent master, he is entitled to the same reward as the zealous Christian. It matters not whether a man worships Jesus Christ or Juggernaut, whether he bows before the throne of the omnipotent Jehovah, or prostrates himself beneath the ignoble works of his own hands, whether he worships the God of all truth with Saint Peter, or blasphemes him with the Turk; he is placed by this compound of absurdity in the same exalted position as the follower of the incarnate and crucified Redeemer. Can we, my friends, conceive a doctrine more opposed to common sense? And yet there are men who seek to defend this horrible doctrine—they say we do not mean to say quite so much as that; we will believe in a Saviour and Redeemer, and that this faith in a Redeemer will open a road for us to the kingdom of heaven, and place us amongst the saints in eternal bliss. At first sight, my friends, this may appear a little more reasonable; but I am sure that you will soon agree with me, that it is as shallow a doctrine as could be propounded by erring man. It can only be true in the event that we suppose all religions to be equally true and equally false, or that God almighty will be equally the God of truth and the God of falsehood. But if God be truth itself, as he most undoubtedly is, then must this false and hollow principle fall in pieces. If God is admitted to be truth itself; how then can he acknowledge any but a true religion? And if there be a true religion on the face of the earth, men are bound to diligently seek it, and find it out; and having found it, they are bound, under pain of exclusion from the kingdom of heaven, to embrace it, and even to defend it by their lives of piety and Christian example. So that it is only in the event of their allowing all religions to be equally true and equally false, that this blasphemous doctrine can be admitted. And if they admit all religions to be equally true and equally false, there is but one remedy for their folly; a lunatic asylum seems to be the only fitting abode for such irrational beings; for what becomes of revelation? For the man that in these days can doubt of the truth of revelation, is a being devoid of intellect, bereft of rational faculties God must have wilfully darkened his corrupt understanding Revelation is a fact so stamped on the history and institutions of the human character, that no power on earth can blot it out. Let a man come before me and say that he is a believer in a Cæsar, in a Napoleon, or in any of those heroes of antiquity, who conquered nations, won empires, or enslaved tribes, and disbelieved revelation, a fact so stamped on the character of man and the objects of creation, such a one must be a man whom God, for his perverseness, has wilfully darkened. I will not dwell any longer on this point, but proceed to the next part of my subject.—These good people allow all religions to be equally true, and at the same time admit the truth of revelation. Is it possible that two and two should make four? Is it possible that there should be one God in three persons, each equally God, and the very essence of truth, and yet teaching different doctrines, contradicting each other? Surely some of them must be false; for it is of their

nature that one of them must contradict another, which is to blaspheme the Deity, who can never lie; it is a censure on the Holy Ghost, who is the very essence of truth, and cannot teach one thing to-day and a different thing to-morrow. Can they suppose that all these conflicting religions which disfigure the face of the earth come from God? If so, they must admit this necessary consequence, that God reveals one religion to Peter, another to Paul, and a different one to John. This every rational man must see is the very height of blasphemy; "for is God a man that he should lie; neither the Son of man that he should repent?" Therefore, to go and say that all religions are equally true, is to make an assertion in the eyes of all men the most ridiculously absurd, and in the face of God the most blasphemous that can be uttered by the lips of man. But if God be truth, the man who loves the truth should diligently seek and endeavour to find it out, and not be deterred from embracing it by any worldly consideration. Perhaps some will say, we all believe the same fundamental doctrines of Christianity; there are differences of opinions on the different dogmas of religion; but we do all maintain the grand fundamental articles of the Christian belief. This may appear to some very plausible: but if you go and ask the followers of any one particular doctrine what are the fundamental doctrines necessary to believe, and then go and ask another, they cannot agree; no two of them will give you the same answer; one will say such and such a doctrine is what is necessary for us to believe, and the other will say quite the contrary: then how are we to decide? Can we say to almighty God, I will believe this or that doctrine which thou hast revealed to me, but a step farther I will not go: revelation tells me to believe such and such a doctrine, but this I will not do: I will believe what I consider to be necessary, but no more? You may say that no one acts thus. But, my dear brethren, how do men act who say that all religions are good? Is not this their argument? are these not the words put into their mouths by the enemy of man's salvation? Then how comes it that there are all these different religions? It is very easy to ascertain—is the truth one, or is it divided? If the truth be one, it is evident that every departure from it must be falsehood. For instance, here is a fundamental article of the Christian religion, that there is one God and three persons; this every Christian must believe if he desires to go to heaven; but while one man admits this, that there is but one God whom all must worship and adore, another may say that there are two Gods, and a third, that there is any number of Gods. Some will look up to the heavens and admit the sun and moon, and number the stars of the firmament amongst their divinities, and others will look down upon the earth and worship the beasts of the field, or prostrate themselves beneath the works of their own hands. You see then, my brethren, that there is no need that I should expose the fallacy of this hollow doctrine. The simple truth is one, and will never lead astray. The Son of God came down from heaven to cancel the hand-writing that was against us, and teach us all things necessary for our guidance to the kingdom of God. But one man rose up, whose soul thirsted after novelty, and through some malignant motive, or for a paltry fame, proclaimed to his fellow-man that it mattered not what revelation taught; he said, I will believe such a doctrine, and nothing else. Another rose up, and said that he would have his opinion too. And another said that he would not agree with any man, but would mark out a new road for himself. Thus we find that for 1800 years that there is no country or clime free from the novelties of heresy or schism. It is only 300 years ago that our own country departed from amidst that centre of unity, the universal faith of Christendom, and plunged into the most lamentable excesses of folly and ability. And now, how has it become a prey to intestine divisions and conflicting doctrines, rearing their heads in every corner of the land! There is but one God, one faith, and one baptism, says St. Paul. But think you, my brethren, if one of those celestial messengers were to come down from those starry regions, could he think that we worship the same God, when he finds us torn asunder by religious dissensions, each one following that which his private fancy chooses to be the best? No, my Christian friends, he never could believe it for a moment; to see men tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and yet professing the same God, is the most absurd notion that can be entertained in the mind of man. Let a man, they say, follow up the dictates of his conscience, and God will never ask him what religion he was a member of. If we have only a belief in the Redeemer it matters not what minor points we cast to the wind. If this indeed be true, what more ample road could we wish for to lead us to heaven? But the Son of God had said, that broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many there are who walk therein. I dislike these false and hollow doctrines that are got up by men. I fear that broad and spacious road is prepared for them. I like the man who will tell sinful and erring man to walk in the thorny and narrow road pointed out to him by the Son of the living God. I would that Jesus Christ had made the road broad, and the way spacious, to eternal life; had he done so, I would never put my shoulder to contract it, but point it out to the traveller as the only safe coast to the port of eternal life. If, my Christian friends, we are to admit doctrines like these, what will become of the words of Jesus Christ, that there will arise false teachers and false prophets to deceive the unwary? Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and Saint John, the beloved disciples of Jesus Christ, all say that such will arise, and bid us be on our guard against them. Oh! my Christian friends, that religion must be bad indeed which can propound such impieties as these! For the God of truth, who has undertaken to teach man by the mouth of his only Son, could never have preached such a false creed; it is opposed to his character as God. And the inspired apostle Saint Paul, who was appointed by Christ as the instructor of mankind, tells us, that in the latter time there shall arise false teachers and false prophets, who will put on all the signs and tokens of his ministers, so that, if possible, to deceive even the elect. If, then, they deceive even the saints of God, and mimic the ministers of religion, what will become of us? And how can we, with our eyes opened, and forewarned of the danger to which we are exposed, stand in the presence of the great God of heaven, if we can harbour in our breasts such doctrines as these? He will say to such men as these, Am I a God of falsehood as well as of truth? Can I teach one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow? No, my Christian friends, such maxims as these will not stand the scrutiny of the God of truth on that great accounting-day when every man will be rewarded according to his works. These are maxims emanating from the prince of darkness, to decoy unwary man. The apostle tells us, that the teachers of error go on from one evil to another, and this appears the greatest of all the evils or absurdities yet uttered by erring man. Oh! when I contemplate this, and see the dreadful consequences of this blasphemous doctrine, when I see the ravages committed by the enemy of our souls, I shudder at the revolting scene. When I see my unhappy and ungrateful country putting itself under the command of wicked leaders, corrupt generals, and unskilful pilots, whose object is to tear it from the beaten path of truth, and dash it against the shoals and quicksands of heresy; and I see my infatuated countrymen running about with false maxims, and raising up for themselves every species of doctrine which the human fancy can dictate, or the mind of man invent; when I see these scattered about like autumnal leaves in the wind, grasping at every newly invented creed, and applauding the ravings of every self-made prophet, my heart grows sad, and my prayer to heaven is for their eternal welfare. Then when they are at the end of folly's race, and their wandering senses return, when they are wearied with the false glare of jarring and monstrous absurdities, they look round at last for some firm and staple ground to rest upon; in comes the tempter with his deceitful guile, and says to them, seek not the truth in this religion, or in that; for if you go into the most celebrated religion, you will find there good and bad, therefore, stay where you are; you can be saved there as well as in any other, provided you be a good liver, a charitable neighbour, and believe in the Redeemer. My Christian friends, what monstrous blasphemy! Oh! what a deadly medicine to administer to the soul of credulous man! Would that I could instil into your minds, my friends, a deadly hatred for this pernicious doctrine! Banish it from your minds for ever, and follow the truth, love the truth, be earnest in seeking for it, and firm in embracing it.

And if for the truth of God your temporal interest must suffer, if for the truth of God friends should persecute, and enemies revile, if for the truth you have to give up things most dear to human nature, remember what your Saviour gave up for you; how he suffered insults, bore disgrace, and braved persecution and death. Remember, too, what the apostles suffered, and gloried in suffering, for the truth of God. Remember that Jesus Christ hath said, that he who will not leave father and mother, wife and children, and take up his cross and follow him, is not worthy of him. Remember your eternal salvation is at stake; it behoves you to be earnest in your desire to obtain it. Pray to almighty God to open your eyes to see the beauty of his truth; and never forget that Christ it is who has said, that many are called, but few are chosen; that many seek the narrow road to eternal life, and few there are that find it. Seek not to stir up your uneasy consciences, or be over scrupulous in your anxieties; for recollect that our Saviour has said, that in that great and awful day, when the Son of God will come in majesty, and clothed in the vesture of omnipotent power, that many will put in their claim to happiness; but he will tell them, that not every one who hath said, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven. And many will say, we have cast out devils in thy name; but his answer to such will be, I know you not. Remember his dreaded injunction to all, to adhere to his commands; it is he who has said, that he who believes not shall be condemned—that he who believes not in one God shall perish eternally. Likewise remember, my Christian friends, that Christ said to his apostles, go teach all men whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo! I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. They were not to teach a few, but all things which he had commanded them. And, he added, when the Holy Ghost will come he will teach you all things, and guide you into all truth. It will not do, then, to believe such and such an article of faith as our fancy may dictate, and reject all others; we must search for the whole entire truth, and we must embrace it, let it cost what it will. "He that believes not shall be condemned," are the awful words of the Saviour; and what man in his senses can doubt their truth? My dear friends, if your minds are satisfied with this truth, rest not until you find out truth wherever it should be; and be not deterred by envy, interest, or prejudice, from embracing it. If there are any of you who have already received the truth, and put your hands to the plough, I conjure you to follow up the good resolution; for if any man put his hand to the plough, and looketh back, he is not worthy of me, said our Saviour. There is no maxim so dangerous for the young and uninitiated Catholic as this. He sees the truth at first, and cherishes it in his heart, but like the seed that fell on the barren rock, it grows for a while, until the enemy causes the weeds and briers of bad example to choak it up; like that seed it flourishes for a short time, but after a time the restraints of religion become tedious and irksome; and the enemy of man will say to him, there is no use in observing all the articles which religion imposes, when the observance of a few fundamental articles will suffice. But I have shown you the folly and absurdity of this doctrine, and how dangerous it is to hold it. To you, my Catholic brethren, I have only to say, adhere to the strict discipline of the church, watch and pray during this holy season of Lent, and show, by your good examples, the purity and holiness of your church. But those who have not the happiness to be members of God's universal church, let me beseech of them to seek for the truth with all earnestness; be fervent, be desirous to find out the truth, if it is to be found on the earth. Be determined not to be deterred by temporal interests, or swayed by worldly power, from embracing it when you find it out; for he who seeks temporal possessions more than Christ, is not worthy of him. Let us all seek this truth with all sincerity; let us not rest satisfied until we stand firm on the rock of truth, which has stood the storms of error for 1800 years. But you, my Catholic brethren, show forth the tender charity of your faith; for woe! woe! to you on that great accounting day if you show bad example to your Protestant brethren. Let us implore the divine grace, that great source of the truth of God, which will strengthen us; and that having walked in the light of his holy truth during this life, we shall hereafter walk in the mansions of the saints, mingling for ever in eternal bliss, which is the blessing I sincerely wish you all. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

THE FLOWER THAT FEELS NOT SPRING.

From the prisons dark of the circling bark
The leaves of tenderest green are glancing;
They gambol on high in the bright blue sky,
Fondly with spring's young Zephyrs dancing,
While music and joy and jubilee gush
From the lark and linnet, the blackbird and thrush.

The butterfly springs on its new-wove wings,
The dormouse starts from his wintry sleeping;
The flowers of earth find a second birth,
To light and life from the darkness leaping;
The roses and tulips will soon resume
Their youth's first perfume and primitive bloom.

What renders me sad when all nature glad
The heart of each living creature cheers?
I laid in the bosom of earth a blossom,
And water'd its bed with a father's tears;
But the grave has no Spring, and I still deplore
That the flow'ret I planted comes up no more!

That eye, whose soft blue of the firmament's hue
Express'd all holy and heavenly things—
Those ringlets bright, which scatter'd a light
Such as angels shake from their sunny wings—
That cheek, in whose freshness my heart had trust—
All—all have perish'd—my daughter is dust!—

Yet the blaze sublime of thy virtue's prime,
Still gilds my tears and a balm supplies,
As the matin ray of the god of day
Brightens the dew which at last it dries:—
Yes, Fanny, I cannot regret thy clay,
When I think where thy spirit has wing'd its way.,

So wither we all—so flourish and fall,
Like the flowers and weeds that in churchyards wave,
Our leaves we spread over comrades dead,
And blossom and bloom with our root in the grave;—
Springing from earth, into earth we are thrust,
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

A CATHOLIC CUSTOM.

Some time ago at Munich, a girl six years of age was placed as dead in an open coffin, in what is called in that country the hall of death, preparatory to interment. On the following day she was found playing with the white roses which had been strewed over her. The keeper of the hall took her in his arms and carried her to her mother. In France (says the *Presse*, which mentions this fact), where there is no precautionary measure of this kind, the child would have been buried alive.

There was never found in any age of the world, either philosophy, or sect, or religion, or law, or discipline, which did so highly exalt the good of communion, and depress good private and particular, as the holy Christian faith: whence it clearly appears that it was one and the same God that gave the Christian law to men, who gave those laws of nature to the creatures.—Bacon.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF PARTICULARS OCCURRING AT THE HAPPY DEATH OF OUR LATE SOVEREIGN LORD, KING CHARLES II., IN REGARD TO RELIGION, FAITHFULLY RELATED BY HIS THEN ASSISTANT, MR. J. HUDLESTON.

Upon Thursday, the 5th of February, 1685, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, I was sent for in haste to the Queen's back-stairs at Whitehall, and desired to bring with me all things necessary for a dying person; accordingly I came, and was ordered not to stir from thence till farther notice. Being thus obliged to wait, and not having had time to bring along with me the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, I was in some anxiety how to procure it. In this conjuncture, the Divine Providence so disposing, Father Bento de Lemos, a Portuguese, came thither, and understanding the circumstance I was in, readily proffered himself to go to St. James's and bring the most Holy Sacrament with him. Soon after his departure, I was called into the King's bed-chamber, where, approaching to the bed-side, and kneeling down, I, in brief, presented his majesty with what service I could perform for God's honour and the happiness of his soul at this last moment on which eternity depends. The King then declared himself that he desired to die in the faith and communion of the Holy Roman Catholic Church; that he was most heartily sorry for all the sins of his life past, and particularly for that he had deferred his reconciliation so long; that through the merits of Christ's Passion he hoped for salvation; that he was in charity with all the world; that with all his heart he pardoned his enemies, and desired pardon of all those whom he had anywise offended; and that if it pleased God to spare him longer life, he would amend it, detesting all sin. I then advertised his majesty of the benefit and necessity of the Sacrament of Penance, which advertisement the king most willingly embracing, made an exact confession of his whole life with exceeding compunction and tenderness of heart; which ended, I desired him, in farther sign of repentance and true sorrow for his sins, to say with me this little short act of contrition: "O my Lord God, with my whole heart and soul I detest all the sins of my life past for the love of Thee, whom I love above all things; and I firmly purpose by Thy holy grace never to offend Thee more. Amen, sweet Jesus, Amen. Into Thy hands, sweet Jesus, I commend my soul; mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy." This he pronounced with a clear and audible voice; which done, and his sacramental penance admitted, I gave him absolution. After some time thus spent, I asked his majesty if he did not also desire to have the other sacraments of the holy church administered to him: he replied, "By all means I desire to be partaker of all the helps and succours necessary and expedient for a Catholic Christian in my condition." I added, "And doth not your majesty also desire to receive the precious Body and Blood of our dear Saviour Jesus Christ, in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist?" His answer was this: "If I am worthy, pray fail not to let me have it." I then told him it would be brought to him very speedily, and desired his majesty that, in the interim, he would give me leave to proceed to the sacrament of Extreme Unction. He replied, "With all my heart." I then anointed* him, which, as soon as performed, I was called to the door, whither the blessed sacrament was now brought and delivered to me. Then returning to the king, I entreated his majesty that he would prepare and dispose himself to receive; at which the king, raising himself, said, "Let me meet my heavenly Lord in a better posture than in my bed:" but I humbly begged his majesty to repose himself: God Almighty, who saw his heart, would accept of his good intention. The king then having again recited the forementioned act of contrition with me, he received the most holy sacrament for his viaticum with all the symptoms of devotion imaginable. The communion being ended, I read the usual prayers, termed the recommendation of the soul, appointed by the Church for Catholics in his condition. After which, the king desired the act of contrition, "O my Lord God," &c. to be repeated: this done for his last spiritual encouragement, I said, "Your majesty hath now received the comfort and benefits of all the sacraments that a good Christian, ready to depart out of this world, can have or desire. Now it rests only that you think upon the death and passion of our dear Saviour Jesus Christ, of which I present unto you this figure (showing him a crucifix); lift up, therefore, the eyes of your soul and represent to yourself your sweet Saviour here crucified, bowing down his head to kiss you; his arms stretched out to embrace you; his body and members all bloody, and pale with death, to redeem you; and as you see him dead and fixed upon the cross for your redemption, so have his remembrance fixed and fresh in your heart; beseech him with all humility that his most precious blood may not be shed in vain for you; and that it will please him, by the merits of his bitter death and passion, to pardon and forgive you all your offences, and finally to receive your soul into his blessed hands; and when it shall please him to take it out of this transitory world, to grant you a joyful resurrection; and an eternal crown of glory in the next: in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." So recommending his majesty on my knees, with all the transport of devotion I was able, to the divine mercy and protection, I withdrew out of the chamber. In testimony of all which I have hereunto subscribed my name. J. Hudleston.

From the second vol. of the English Catholic Library.

* To anoint with *oil*.

A SPANISH ANECDOTE

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQUIRE.

It was a holy usage to record
Upon each refectory's side and end
The last mysterious Supper of our Lord,
That meanest appetites might upward tend.

Within the convent Palace of old Spain
Rich with the gifts and monuments of Kings,
Hung such a picture, said by some to reign
The sovereign glory of those wondrous things.

A painter of far fame,* in deep delight,
Dwelt on each beauty he so well discerned,
While in low tones a grey Geronomite
This answer to his ecstasy returned.

"Stranger! I have received my daily meal
In this good company now threescore years;
And thou, whoe'er thou art, canst hardly feel
How Time these lifeless images endears.

"Lifeless—ah! no: both Faith and Art have given
That passing hour a life of endless rest,
And every soul who loves the food of Heaven
May to that table come a welcome guest.

"Lifeless, ah! no: while in mine heart are stored
Sad memories of my brethren dead and gone,
Familiar places vacant round *our* board,
And still *that* silent supper lasting on.

"When I review my youth—what I was then—
What I am now, and ye, beloved ones all!
It seems as if *these* were the living men,
And *we* the coloured shadows on the wall."

* Wilkie.

ST. MARY'S PRIORY.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER III.

"There lies thy cross; beneath it meekly bow;
It fits thy stature now:
Who scornful pass it with averted eye
'Twill crush them by-and-bye.

Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure
Of thine eternal treasure,
The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought,
The world for thee was bought:
And as this landscape broad—earth, sea, and sky,
All centres in thine eye,
So all God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good."

The Christian Year.

It proved a very unhappy marriage for poor Jane, though it was in some degree her own fault. Mr. Raymond had many good qualities. He was sincere and warm hearted, though there was occasionally a shy reserve about him common to English people. He had never plunged into the dissipation and follies which disgrace so many young men of the present day, and he was not devoid of religious principle. He showed right feeling at his uncle's death. The old squire was killed whilst hunting just before Christmas, and the young heir remained in seclusion from the time of the funeral till near Easter. It was a hard winter, and he gave large sums to the poor, and entered warmly into the plans of the new vicar, who was a zealous young man, anxious to make a thorough reform in church and parish matters. All this Lady Vere had soon discovered, and expatiated upon to Jane, whose reverence for any thing that looked like piety was very great. Compared with the worldly men she had been most thrown among, Mr. Raymond seemed to have high claims upon her respect. His sincere attachment to herself had a great effect upon her affectionate and grateful heart. She attached herself to her husband with all the enthusiasm of her nature, but her happiness was of short duration. She married quite unprepared for several defects in Mr. Raymond's character, and full of forebodings on account of the difference of age. This was a needless alarm, for her beauty was of a kind that outlasts the bloom of youth. When she married she looked five or six years younger than she was, and might have preserved a youthful appearance for many years, had she possessed tranquillity of mind. But her own self-tormenting temper brought on a care-worn face and form prematurely. She had no children, and Mr. Raymond had not self-control enough to conceal the excessive disappointment this was to him. But she was mistaken in fancying that his altered manner proved that she had lost his affection. The fact was, Mr. Raymond had the defect of a very bad temper, and Jane was blind to that for many years. He had never learnt to curb his tongue, and he had a habit, common to thoughtless people, of saying things in haste, and forgetting them directly after, but Jane felt every unkind word acutely, and brooded over them till they seemed ten times harder and bitterer than they really were. Mr. Raymond was also subject to those fits of sullenness common to persons who unite strong feelings with shyness, and have been brought up in self-indulgent habits. When any one had opposed him, or any thing had gone wrong in the course of the morning, he would eat his dinner (provided there was no company) without speaking one word more than was indispensable, and afterwards he would come up into the drawing-room to tea, looking as dismal as possible, and read the paper through without speaking, and then sit in a lounging chair in a gloomy silence the rest of the evening. Now if Jane had not been haunted by the idea, that dislike to her and repentance of having married in such a hurry, was the cause of his depression, she would have exerted those powers of chasing away gloom, which no one possessed in a greater degree than she did. But a spell seemed upon her. Her ease and grace deserted her. Sometimes it was as much as she could do to restrain her tears; she was afraid to speak; afraid to move as long as she was alone with her husband; and she used to sit apparently intent upon her work or her book longing to approach him, yet never daring to, whilst he, all the time, was secretly accusing her of selfishness, in being too much wrapt up in her own occupations to observe whether he was pleased or displeased, and too indifferent, if she did observe his discomfort, to take the trouble to amuse him. Jane's suspicions were confirmed by Mr. Raymond's going to gentlemen's dinner parties, which he had not joined in since his marriage, in spite of being an ardent fox-hunter, and by his being always anxious that she should have friends staying in the house to prevent the evenings being dull. In the first year of their wedded life they had agreed not to make a practice of going to town. He was interested in agriculture and planting as well as in rural sports, and she had a passion for the country, and wished never to see London again. After they had been married five years Mr. Raymond proposed taking a house in town. Lady Vere had come down to Wilbury, and was shocked at Jane's altered appearance, and told Mr. Raymond she felt sure her niece was dying. He thought this one of Lady Vere's usual absurd fancies, but his own impression was, that a discontented temper was the sole cause of Jane's faded looks. However, he did not choose Lady Vere to say that he neglected his wife, and he insisted on her going to town for advice. Poor Jane obeyed with a heavy heart. Her husband was in the prime of life, and looked younger than he really was, and she fancied she had grown into a hag, and that he would be ashamed to appear with her. She was glad of the excuse of being an invalid to shun society. Her husband set this down to indolence and self-indulgence. His suspicions were confirmed by circumstances. Jane had now some of the best literary society at Lord Vere's house from the continent. A lady of some celebrity, who had taken a great fancy to Jane formerly, heard of her being in town, and gained admittance to her after some difficulty. What comes from the heart goes to the heart. Jane was deeply touched by the real friendliness and kind-

ness of Mrs. Seymour's manner. Though they were not aware of it, there was a secret bond of sympathy between them. Mrs. Seymour's marriage was an unhappy one. Mr. Raymond took a deadly aversion to this lady. It arose partly from jealousy. He could not bear to see his wife, so cold and reserved to him, brighten up at Mr. Seymour's approach. Besides that, he had often heard that clever women make bad wives, and he thought that Mrs. Seymour, being a professed literary lady, would make Jane more blue, and, consequently, a worse wife than she was already. Mrs. Raymond's complaint was pronounced nervous, and a little quiet society recommended. Mrs. Seymour prevailed on her to go to her house, and the society she met there she enjoyed much. Imperceptibly Jane got into the blue world, and her health and spirits improved. Mr. Raymond was now convinced that her illness was the result of ill-humour and affectation, and one day he really told her so in a passion, and, in addition, accused her of doing every thing he most disliked, and choosing for her friends the persons she knew he most disapproved of. After this ebullition he left the house, and forgot every thing he had said, fully persuaded that it would not prevent Jane from going where she pleased, perfectly indifferent to what he might think of her conduct. Jane had agreed to go to a conversazione at —— House with the Seymours, Mr. Raymond having refused to go. She had been looking forward to this re-union for days, but now she felt too much cut down to go out. As soon as she had written a few lines of excuse to Mrs. Seymour, she shut herself up in her own room to give free course to her tears. When she met her husband at the breakfast-table the next day, he attributed her pale cheek and heavy eyelids to the dissipation of the preceding night. He would not deign, however, to make any allusion to it, and appeared absorbed in "the Times." Jane felt too much hurt and chilled by his manner to speak a word. And in this sort of way, the breach between a husband and wife, who were really attached to each other, widened day by day. The finishing stroke to their disunion was put by Mr. Raymond's aunt, Mrs. Darrel. As this lady will be introduced to the reader by-and-bye we will venture to say something of her here, in spite of our reluctance to leave Miss Harding so long in the streets of Workingham. She was the widow of a General Darrel, who had left her a widow with three girls, whom she contrived to educate and bring forward in society with very slender means. They were living abroad at the time of Mr. Raymond's marriage, but the next year they paid a visit to Wilbury. Jane found the whole party just the sort of persons she liked least, and Mrs. Darrel took a dislike to her new niece. The widow and her daughters then lived at Cheltenham and Brighton, and one of the young ladies succeeded in making a brilliant match. Mrs. Darrel was very much offended by Jane's refusing to go to the wedding. The fact was, Mr. Raymond did not wish to leave Wilbury just then, and desired Jane to make excuses, and she was very thankful to be spared the journey. But Mrs. Darrel took it into her head that her nephew would have come if his wife's influence had not prevailed, and her aversion to poor Jane grew bitterer than ever. She came up to town on a visit to her daughter, the bride, in the middle of the season, and did her utmost to increase the unhappy disunion which she was not slow to discover in her nephew's house. She succeeded so well, that when Jane and her husband returned to Wilbury, both weary of town at the end of the season, Mr. Raymond's mind was completely poisoned, and his affection for Jane was changed into actual dislike. His unkindness of manner increased, and he deserted her entirely for his sporting friends, and throughout the autumn Jane endured in all its bitterness the desolation of a neglected wife. At last she began to despise her husband, and then real indifference took the place of her former warm affection. She called up all her energy of mind, and resolved to pine no longer, but to find out other sources of comfort. In doing good to the poor, and in her various pursuits, she soon found ample occupation. We mentioned the vicar of Wilbury as having come into the living not long before Mr. Raymond came into his estate. This gentleman belonged to that party in the Church of England who have a strong bias to Catholicism, and this had increased every year. The views he had embraced effected a great improvement in his own character, and this struck Mrs. Raymond very much. She was induced to read the works he showed her, and to make him her guide, and to open her mind to him. This had a very beneficent effect upon her character. Before her young relation, Ethel Harding, wrote to her, Mrs. Raymond had gained an equable state of mind, and had acquired that resignation and self-control which she had been so wanting in before. And this naturally gave her great ascendancy over Ethel's unsubdued ill-regulated mind.

(To be continued.)

AN IRISH COACHMAN GAINING HIS FIRST PLACE.

The master had two beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pleasant gintleman, and he loved a joke. Well, there was plenty after the place; and to the first that wint up to him, "Now, my man," says he, "tell me how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?" So the boy considers, and he says, says he, "Within a foot, plaze yer honer, and no harm." "Very well," says he, "go down, and I'll give ye yer answer by and bye." So the next came up, and he said he'd be bound to carry 'em within half a foot; and the next five inches; and another—a dandified chap entirely—was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within three inches and a half, he'd go bail. Well, at last my turn came; and when his honour axed me how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I says, says I, "Plaze yer honour, *I'd keep as far off it as I could.*" "Very well, Misther Byrne," says he, "you're my coachman," says he. Och! the roar there was in the kitchen whin I wint down and told the joke.

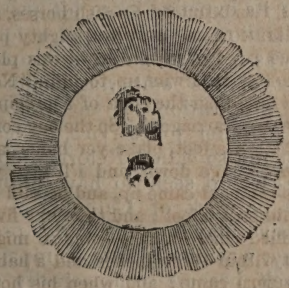
Sects grow old like men. Those, which have not been patronized by powerful princes and have not been productive of serious evils, grow old sooner than others. They are epidemic maladies, which pass away like the sweating sickness or the hooping cough.



THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

THE sun is fixed in the centre of the system. There are two kinds of planets, primary and secondary. The primary planets revolve round the sun; and the secondary planets, or moons, move round the primary planets. The planets are situated at various distances from the sun, and revolve from west to east; and in the same direction do the moons revolve round their primaries, excepting the moons of Georgiam Sidus, which move in a contrary direction. Their paths are called their orbits, which are not perfect circles, but slightly elliptical. They perform their revolutions in very different periods of time; and the time which each planet occupies in its revolution, is called its year. They are opaque bodies; and, like the moon, they shine only by reflecting the light they receive from the sun.

The sun is an immense globe, a million times larger than the earth, and 95 millions of miles from the earth. It turns on its axis in 25 days, 14 hours, 18 minutes. Spots are occasionally seen on the sun's disc. Some philosophers have supposed them to be cavities in the sun's surface; others have supposed them to be dense clouds floating in the sun's atmosphere.



Telescopic view of spots on the Sun

MERCURY is the nearest planet to the Sun, being about 36,000,000 miles from it. Performs its revolution round the Sun in 87 days 23 days hours, which is the length of its year; its orbit is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic (that is, the plane in which the Sun always appears to move) at an angle of 70°; it revolves on its axis in 24h. 5m., which is the length of its day. The true diameter of Mercury is about 3,140 miles; its bulk 1-16th of the bulk of the Earth. The light and heat received from the Sun is about seven times greater than that received on the Earth. (1.)

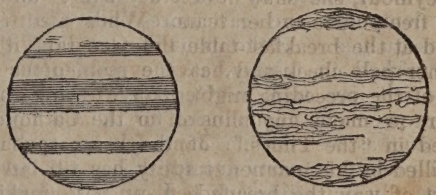
VENUS.—Distance from the Sun about 68,000,000 miles; the length of its year is 224 days 16 hours; its orbit is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic at an angle of 3° 23′; the rotation on its axis is 23 h. 21 m.; its true diameter is about 7,700 miles; and its bulk is about 9 10ths that of the Earth. Venus changes its phases, like the Moon, according to its positions to the Sun and Earth, which causes a considerable difference in its brilliancy. The light and heat received from the Sun is nearly twice as great as that received on the Earth. Venus is surrounded by an atmosphere, and is the most brilliant of all the planets; it has been repeatedly seen by the *writer* with the naked eye, about two o'clock in the afternoon of a fine clear day. (2.)

The EARTH is also one of the planets that revolve about the Sun. Its mean distance is about 95,000,000 miles, and its diameter about 7,916 miles. It is accompanied by one satellite or moon. (3.)

MARS.—Distance from the Sun 142,000,000 miles; the length of its year is 686 days 23 hours; its orbit is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic at an angle of 1° 51′; the rotation on its axis is 24h. 39m.; its true diameter is about 4,100 miles, which is rather more than half the diameter of the Earth; its bulk is nearly 4-10ths that of the Earth. The light and heat received from the Sun is not quite half that received on the Earth. Mars changes its phases (somewhat as the Moon does from its first to its third quarter) according to its various positions with respect to the Sun and the Earth. (4.)

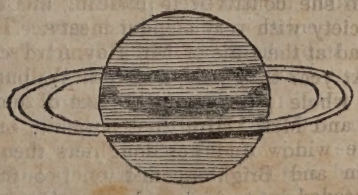
The four very small planets, called *asteroids*, VESTA (5)—JUNO (6)—CERES (7)—PALLAS (8) have been recently discovered, and very little is known respecting them.

JUPITER.—Mean distance from the Sun 435,000,000 miles performs its revolution in 4,332 days 14 hours; its orbit is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic 1° 19′. nearly; rotation on its axis is 9 h. 56 m.; its true diameter is 90,000 miles, and bulk is 1,281 times that of the Earth. The light and heat which it receives from the Sun is about 1-27th of that received on the Earth. Jupiter has four satellites or moons. (9.)



Telescopic views of Jupiter.

SATURN.—Distance from the Sun is above 890,000,000 miles; the length of its year is 10,759 days; its orbit is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic 2° 29′: the length of the day is 10 hours 29 minutes; its true diameter is 76,068 miles; its bulk is 995 times that of the Earth. The light and heat received from the Sun is about 1-98th that received on the Earth. Saturn has seven satellites, and also surrounded with a double ring. (10.)



Telescopic view of Saturn.

GEORGIAM SIDUS.—Discovered by Sir William Herschell, on March 13, 1781. Its mean distance from the Sun is about 1,800,000,000 miles; it performs its revolution in about 84 years; its orbit is inclined to the ecliptic 46′ only. The light and heat received from the Sun is only 1-3000th part of the quantity received on the Earth. This planet has six satellites. (11.)

SKETCHES FROM MUNICH.

No. 6.

The 8th of last October was a day remarkable at Munich, for the installation on their pedestals of two colossal bronze statues of the famous Bavarian generals, Tilly and Wrede, which have been set up beneath a noble triumphal arch, adorning one extremity of the Ludwigstrasze. On this occasion the whole of the troops, horse and foot, stationed at Munich, were reviewed by the king and the crown prince, his son, attended by a numerous staff, in the presence of the queen and court circle. As may be supposed, it was a very stirring scene, and attracted nearly the whole population to witness it. The weather was most propitious, and the rays of the sun, glancing on the array of burnished helmets and corslets, gave full effect to the military. As soon as the shouts of the people and the saluting drums announced the arrival of his majesty on the grounds, the drapery which veiled the statues gracefully fell away from them, and their magnificent proportions displayed a new triumph of art to the admiration of the spectators. Then the review took place; after which the soldiery defiled off in front of the figures, saluting them as they passed, with colours flying and bands playing. This concluded the ceremony. The erection of the more celebrated of these statues, that of Tilly, caused much angry party-feeling among the protestant portion of the community, which was retorted by the other side; and many bitter lampoons and caricatures enlivened the city in consequence. As the name of General Tilly is so distinguished in history, at the momentous period of the religious wars in Germany, during the 17th century, when he commanded for the Catholic interest; and as he is one of those great characters, whom protestant party-animosity has till lately very successfully misrepresented, I purpose making the main object of this sketch, a brief outline of his career, which perhaps will not be unwelcome to the readers of the *Instructor*.—John Tlerclaes, Count Von Tilly, was born in the year 1559, of a noble German family settled in the Low Countries, where his parents possessed great wealth, and filled situations of honour. At the early age of fourteen years his military career commenced, when he deserted the studies which he had been pursuing at Chatelet and Cologne, to enlist in the Spanish service. When he took this step, the stern Duke of Alva commanded in the Netherlands; and, accordingly, partial writers have not failed to throw out the taunt, that Tilly was his worthy scholar. But this is unfair, inasmuch as before the end of the same year the Duke was superseded and left the country. It ought rather to be said, that in Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, who succeeded Alva, young Tilly was fortunate in having for his model one who is allowed on all hands to have excelled in the finest virtues of a soldier, and who gained the appellation of the Judas Maccabeus of his times. Indeed, Tilly was accustomed to allude in after years with enthusiasm to his early experience under the Duke of Parma, whose memory he so much revered, and to whom he constantly averred he owed all the military science he possessed. After partaking in several brilliant events under Parma, he next engaged himself to Count Adolphus Von Schwarzenberg, subsequently so famed for his exploits against the Turks, but on this occasion occupied in assisting the house of Guise against Henry of Navarre. Tilly held a captain's commission in his cavalry, and accompanied him into France; where, by his conduct, even at this early period of his life, he contributed materially to some important advantages obtained by his party. Tilly continued in the service of the princes of Lorrain till the end of the war; and though his was the losing side, he nevertheless won for himself so great a name for bravery and ability, that on peace being concluded, the victorious Henry IV. the new king of France and Navarre, eagerly sought to attach him to his service; but Tilly prefered another career, and joined the Duke de Mercoeur, a prince of Lorrain, whom the Emperor Rudolph had invited to command the Christian forces, destined to act in Hungary against the Turks. Under this chief Tilly selected for himself a troop of horse, which he later exchanged for a regiment of infantry raised at Liege. He took a conspicuous part in all the great events of this contest, and particularly distinguished himself at the storming of Stulhweisenberg, and in the victory gained by the Christians over the Turks under its walls. On this memorable occasion, even anti-catholic writers agree, that the overthrow of the Turks, who fought with desperate resolution, was chiefly owing to the enthusiasm inspired by a Capuchin friar, Lawrence of Brindisi, who, displaying a crucifix in his hand, headed the Christian soldiers to the charge. Tilly was severely wounded in the action, and performed such acts of valour that the emperor shortly afterwards promoted him to be field-marshal: this important advance in his position occurred in the year 1605. During the war Tilly had made some loans towards its expenses from his private resources; but on application to the emperor for re-payment, when peace was restored, could obtain no satisfaction. In the midst of his embarrassments and disgust, he received propositions from Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, to enter his service. Nearly from the first period of the so-called Reformation, the chain of circumstances would seem to have indicated Bavaria as the chief bulwark of Catholicism in Germany. Each successive day more clearly proved its title to this destiny, whereby a state, comparatively unimportant in itself, became so universally remarkable in history. Maximilian, equally intelligent as pious, was fully alive to the high political consequence which his sovereignty must acquire, as the main stay of the ancient Church. The intrigues of the Calvinist party, rapidly spreading throughout Europe at the beginning of the 17th century, warned every clear-sighted observer, that a sharp struggle would presently ensue. Maximilian beheld the threatening aspect of things, and lost no time in securing the services of some captain of eminence, to whom he could

entrust the conduct of his army. Among others to whom he applied, his eye was also directed to Tilly, at the instance, it is said, of Friar Lawrence of Brindisi; and terms were at length agreed to between Maximilian and the field-marshal, in the year 1610. The latter accordingly arrived at Munich, and took the command of the Bavarian forces, with the superior rank of lieutenant-general. Shortly after, at a meeting of the Catholic League, composed of minor Catholic states, held at Munich, he was farther invested with the leadership of all the confederate troops. It was in this capacity that he played the most shining part of his career. The heads of what is known in history as the Calvinist Union, had long anxiously watched for some occasion, to bring into action their revolutionary projects. This occasion at length presented itself in the unhappy condition of the Austrian hereditary states, where the inefficiency of the regency had gradually diffused a spirit of insubordination among the people. In the year 1618 the Calvinist leaders succeeded in producing an insurrection, first in Bohemia, whence it shortly spread over Austria, Moravia, and Silesia. At this critical juncture Ferdinand II. succeeded to the throne of Austria, and soon found himself threatened by the rebels in his palace. Undismayed he turned to Bavaria and the League, whence he knew his chief aid must be derived. Maximilian acted at once, urged by every motive of private friendship, religion, and state policy. Above all, he foresaw that if the power of Austria should succumb, so surely would those religious and political leveling principles and tendencies prevail, which, in the 16th century, had excited the desolating popular disturbances of France and Flanders, and in the 17th had subjected the head of a king to the axe of an executioner. He knew that the old religion must also be utterly extinguished in Germany, and, of course, along with it the importance of Bavaria, solely derived from her position as foremost champion of Catholicism. Without delay he, therefore, marched at the head of 20,000 men against the insurgents of Austria and Bohemia, attended by Tilly, as director of his military operations. In a few days such decided advantages were gained in Upper Austria, that the disaffected of Lower Austria, dismayed at the sudden result, were glad to make unconditional submission without striking a blow. The Bavarian force having joined the imperial troops, then proceeded towards Bohemia, and by Tilly's advice marched directly on Prague. Under the walls of this city a victory was achieved over the insurgent army, which completely frustrated the insolent schemes of revolution. The battle took place at the strong instance of Tilly, against the opinion of the Austrian commander: from that period his name became a household word. Maximilian did not long stay at Prague, but shortly departed for Munich, leaving Tilly behind, at the head of the Catholic forces. Meanwhile the leaders of the Bohemian insurrection continued to linger at Prague; when Tilly, foreseeing the temper of events, kindly warned them of their danger, and gave orders not to molest their escape. But with an unaccountable infatuation they disregarded his generous advice, and, the consequence was, that an order speedily arrived from Vienna, to arrest them, which being promptly performed, the affair ended by the ringleaders expiating their treason with the loss of their heads. Shortly after these transactions Tilly marched to Pilsew, where the Count Ernest Von Mansfield had suddenly appeared with a reorganised division of the malcontents: he pursued him into the Upper Palatinate, and from thence to the Rhine. Here two fresh combatants started up against him, on behalf of the Count Palatine Frederick: the Markgrave of Baden Durlach, and Duke Christian, the younger, of Brunswick. Thus the Bavarian commander found himself unexpectedly pressed by three enemies instead of one; nevertheless, it was at this period, A. D. 1622, that he performed his most splendid exploits. These commenced with his victory of Wiesloch, followed rapidly by that at Wimpfeu, on the 6th of May: in this he was aided by a Spanish corps, under Cordova. Directly afterwards he brought Mansfield to a stand at Lorseh, where he thoroughly disabled him. Finally, on the 20th of June, he overtook the Stadtholder of Holland, implicated in the war at Höchst, and completely defeated him. Thus, in the short space of six months, he performed this splendid series of achievements, which prove the superior cast of his genius, and which have been thought worthy of comparison with the most celebrated times of Frederick the Great, and the most admired tactics of Buonaparte in his Italian wars. In reward of his services, Tilly was ennobled by the emperor, and received the degree of a Count of the Empire; while the Catholic League testified their approbation, by presenting him with a free gift of 20,000 rix dollars. In the mean time, Mansfield and Christian of Brunswick had again taken the field, under the auspices of the Stadtholder, in East Friesland, and in Lower Saxony. By the emperor's command Tilly marched to the Weser, and so completely overthrew the new recruits of the enemy, that only 1,000 horsemen succeeded in escaping across the frontiers of Holland: all the enemies of the emperor were at this period wholly subdued. But such a satisfactory state of things did not long continue. Under the pretence, that the Spanish-Austrian power was too great to be prudently tolerated, a new coalition was formed against it by England, Holland, Sweden, and Denmark; chiefly, it is maintained, at the instigation of Cardinal Richlieu, who, though not openly its abettor, was nevertheless privately its main director. Christian IV., the Danish king, after a strong competition with Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden for the service, was selected to open the military operations of this memorable war, known in history as the Thirty Years' War, from the period of its duration, in which Catholicism and Protestantism strove so fiercely for the ascendency in Germany, and which, in the end, Providence permitted to be so disastrous to the former. Mansfield and Christian of Brunswick soon re-appeared on the scene, at the head of fresh levies, raised with the English, French, and

Dutch funds. Under more formidable circumstances than ever Tilly again assumed his military duties; other difficulties also beset him. The celebrated Bohemian nobleman Wallenstein, who figured so conspicuously on the theatre of events, came forward and offered to enlist in the imperial service 40,000 men, provided he might command them. This offer was accepted, and thus a divided authority established. Such a circumstance is always unfortunate; but in this instance was the more so, from the dark and ungenial temper of Wallenstein, who, being jealous of the fame of Tilly, sought to injure him in the opinion of the Duke of Bavaria. Though his insinuations produced rather the opposite effect to what was intended, Tilly was nevertheless much annoyed and crossed by such conduct. However, his great tact and native forbearance of character prevented the evils of an open rupture. Putting himself into motion, he marched to encounter the king of Denmark, who had invaded Germany with a much superior force. The two came into presence at Lutter, near Barenberg, Aug. 27, 1626, where a battle ensued, in which Tilly was again victorious, and utterly routed his royal antagonist. The consequence was, that the Danes were obliged to evacuate Germany, and confine themselves to their native peninsula, at the same time that a temporary cessation of hostilities took place. In the meanwhile Wallenstein had obtained the greatest influence at the court of Vienna, and was deeply engaged in intrigues, having for their chief object his own personal aggrandizement, and the effect of which was to embitter more and more the Protestant states. To forward his views he now sought to detach Tilly and his inferior colleague Pappenheim from their connexion with the Bavarian Catholic League, and to engage them in his interest, promising to procure for them as a remuneration, specified principalities in feoff from the Emperor. This wily scheme, it is said, had the approbation of the imperial Councillors, whose policy was at that time to depress the old nobility, and supersede them by military officers, and court favourites. So powerful an inducement prevailed with Pappenheim; but Tilly could not be shaken in his fidelity to the service which he preferred, and to which he had bound himself. Another reward in the shape of a bond for 400,000 dollars was voted to him for his generous behaviour. This, however, he did not appropriate, but after remitting a large amount of it to the donors as an offering to the common cause, he passed over the right of the balance to the use of a nephew: at the same time, by Wallenstein's advice, the Emperor created him a Prince. But Tilly, on learning the fact, secretly made a large present to the imperial Secretary, as an inducement to omit making out the necessary diploma. These actions are thought by many writers to redound more to his true honour than the twenty battles which he won. The proceedings of Wallenstein at this period, whose selfish intrigues are too intricate to be explained in this brief sketch, produced the most injurious effects to the Catholic and national cause. The troops under his command, scattered over Germany, partook of the unprincipled spirit of their chief, and rendered themselves by their insolent and oppressive conduct a greater scourge to the people whom they professed to defend, than the enemy himself. In vain did Tilly remonstrate to the Austrian Government: no heed was given him. On the contrary, at the instigation of Wallenstein, a project was then on foot to compass the humiliation of that League which had saved the imperial fortunes, and to transfer its command to the favourite. Happily, the scruples of Ferdinand and the press of circumstances allowed wiser counsels to prevail: the complaints from all parts of the country of the intolerable misbehaviour of Wallenstein's soldiery became at length so serious that his dismissal became necessary, which step the Emperor reluctantly took. In the dilemma of selecting a successor to the vacant command at such a crisis, all eyes presently turned on Tilly, who was accordingly invested with it. He was in his seventy-second year when he assumed this new burden: though it was considered a great gain thus to unite under one control the imperial and league forces hitherto divided; still a series of new perplexities and annoyances distracted the general, when the orders which he received from Vienna and Munich not unfrequently clashed. Then also the party of the superseded Wallenstein continued to exert a pernicious influence at the imperial court, while numbers of officers in the imperial service were his creatures. But, above all, the new foe with whom Tilly was now to strive, presented a very different prospect to all those whom he had hitherto subdued. Gustavus Adolphus, the renowned King of Sweden, had undertaken the conduct of the war for his party, and accordingly landed on the Pomeranian Coast, July 20th, 1630. In the prime of life, and already covered with military glory, he led an army terribly famous for its superior tactics, and the newly improved fire-arms which it used. Another favourable circumstance was the sympathy of the German people among whom it disembarked, roused to the highest indignation by the recent excesses of Wallenstein's troops. The Swedes were everywhere regarded at first as deliverers, which feeling Gustavus carefully encouraged by enforcing the strictest discipline. Later, things went differently, and the new defenders turned out a greater curse than the old. At the Emperor's command Tilly proceeded to Magdeburg, which city Gustavus had sent forward his chief marshal Falkenberg, to occupy as commandant. It appears to have been thought, before all things, essential to arrest this advanced post from the Swedish monarch, so as effectually to prevent him establishing a stronghold on the Elb, and to secure a fixed central position for more extensive operations against him. The memorable storming of this place by Tilly, May 16th, 1631, has given occasion for the heaviest aspersions on his conduct and character by Protestant writers. The city was furiously defended by the Swedes, seconded by the citizens, who, after Tilly had forced his entrance, continued to fight from street to street with desperate infatuation.

From the roofs and steeples the women joined in the strife with the same spirit as the men. In several quarters fire burst forth, which a strong wind blowing at the time, rapidly spread, so that with the exception of the Cathedral and a few houses adjoining, the whole city was speedily reduced to ashes. This was a great misfortune for Tilly, who had calculated on its abundant stores as a welcome source of aid to his army; nevertheless it is at his door, and to his wanton cruelty, that Protestant writers lay the blame of the conflagration of Magdeburg. Schiller, whose elegant style has perpetuated so many party misrepresentations, is especially severe on Tilly on this occasion, and represents his proceedings as of the most atrocious description. The reasons assigned, are a native ferocity of character, sharpened by religious bigotry. But these views are contradicted by cotemporary accounts, and are principally to be found in later ones of a party tendency. Unexceptionable evidence exists to prove, that Tilly, so far from instigating, did every thing in his power to arrest the spreading flames, and to restrain the massacre and other horrible excesses perpetrated by his excited soldiers. One anecdote of him finds a place in writers of both sides, and occurs in Schiller. As he galloped along, his eye beheld a poor infant weeping and clinging on the breast of its mother, who lay dead in the street: the veteran commander affected to tears, instantly reined-in his horse, and stooping down, reached the orphan to his saddle, exclaiming, "Be this at least my booty!" It is needless to add that he became its parent, and provided for its future lot. The limits of this sketch will not permit a discussion as to the origin of the wanton burning of Magdeburg. It must, therefore, suffice to observe, that there is the strongest ground to show, that the discomfited Falkenberg himself was the real source of the disaster, in order that all advantage from the capture of the place might be lost to the imperialists and the league. Then it may also be added, that Tilly in his dispatches to Munich, which are extant, deplores in strong terms the result, as for many reasons a serious calamity. After the capture of Magdeburg there are those who think, that had Tilly marched at once upon Gustavus a different term to the war might have been given. But instead of so decisive a course, he exhibited a hesitation of purpose unusual to him, and very out of place in such a serious crisis. As an apology, the infirmities of his years, and his difficult position from having two masters to please, have been powerfully urged. The train of events next led to the decisive battle of Leipsic, fought Sep. 7, 1631, between the two most renowned captains of their age. But the superior tactics of Gustavus prevailed, and Tilly, after performing extraordinary efforts, and receiving severe wounds, was obliged for the first time in his life to experience defeat. The battle of Leipsic utterly destroyed the power of the Catholic League, and rendered Gustavus Adolphus master of Germany. In the beginning of the year 1632, the Swedes appeared on the frontiers of Bavaria. Maximilian opposed them in person, along with Tilly, who commanded under him. On this occasion the passage of the Lech was hotly disputed. Tilly contended in the thickest of the fight, when presently a shot struck him and shattered his knee. This accident dismayed the duke, who under cover of the night retreated in good order on Ingoldstadt. Hither Tilly was also borne in a litter. He survived fifteen days, preserving his faculties entire amid the keenest bodily pangs. On the 26th of April the Swedes arrived before the town, when the dying veteran gave his last instructions how they must be withstood. Shortly afterwards he detached his thoughts from earth, and piously received all the rites of the church. He had the consolation in his last moments of being surrounded by his nearest relations, while his attached prince and friend, Maximilian, never left his side. In their presence he expired in the evening of the 30th of April, with the words, "In thee, O God, I have hoped, let me not be confounded for ever," on his lips. According to his will his remains were interred in the church of our Lady at Alt-ötting, which celebrated resort of pilgrims he had enriched with munificent gifts and endowments during his life. Tilly was not endowed with much personal comeliness. In his stature he was low and gaunt; the stern cast of his swarthy features was, however, softened by the benevolent expression of his bright eyes, over which expanded a broad, but deeply interlined brow. Schiller graphically describes him as he appeared abroad, arrayed in a Spanish doublet of light green satin with slashed sleeves, and on his head a high turned-up hat, from which a tall red ostrich feather drooped far over his shoulders. His habits and wants were few and simple. Practical religion uniformly guided his conduct. He never married. Before his defeat at Leipsic he used pleasantly to say, that he was remarkable for three things: never to have been tipsy, never to have made love, and never to have been conquered in battle. The mutual faith and friendship which subsisted so long, and through so many anxieties, between him and Duke Maximilian, are the more admirable, as springing from a congenial religious zeal and disinterested principle. While Protestant writers have exhibited the character of Tilly in the most repulsive light, Catholic ones do not hesitate to assert that it displayed the finest points of a Christian Soldier. X. Z.

Munich, Dec. 2, 1844.

From the piety, gentleness, and forbearance of women, spring most of the Christian virtues that adorn society: and from the tenderness and compassion stamped on their hearts, arise the greatest number of those benevolent deeds that form the chief blessings of life. From these divine virtues spring the tender nurse in sickness; the "ministering angel" in affliction; the friend of the suffering poor; the protectress of the helpless orphan. Oh! let the human heart expand with gratitude to the Supreme Giver of all good, that such balms to earthly sorrows are given, in the endearing ties of wife, mother, sister, and daughter: and let each of these important relatives receive and use the gift of a tender and compassionate heart, as a precious deposit for the benefit of her fellow-creatures. Her feelings, were given her as incentives to her various duties, and they must no more be wasted on useless objects than her fortune, her time, or her talents.—*Mrs. King.*

POPULATION OF ROME IN 1842

I HAVE lately seen the statistical tables of the population of Rome for the year 1842, signed by Monsignore Zacchia, the present able governor, which, under various points of view, are deserving attention. The following is a summary :—

Families.	Individuals.	Sex.	Country.
34,449	167,121	88,442 males.	151,424 Romans.
		78,679 females.	15,696 Foreigners.

Occupations.

Cardinals	30
Archbishops and bishops	21
Prelates	125
Secular clergy	1654
Monks	2749
Nuns	1550
Nobles and proprietors	2652
Professors of science and literature	2158
Those who profess the fine arts	1522
Physicians	213
Surgeons	183
Druggists	71
Assistants to druggists	113
Midwives	62
Masters of public schools	302
Public employés and pensioners	3733
Private employés and pensioners	2622
Shopkeepers and tradesmen	37202
Servants	12128
Labourers and workpeople in the different suburbs	15158
Labourers on public works and beggars	1913
Youths and individuals of both sexes without any fixed condition	81230

Individuals comprising the military force, and those who are confined in prison, are not enumerated.

Births, Males	2,110	
,, Females	1,933	
Deaths, Males	1,809	
,, Females	1,779	
Marriages	1,313	
Proportion of births, to the population	1 in	41
,, deaths	1 —	47
,, marriages	1 —	127

Correspondent of Athenæum.

ARAB HORSES.

THESE are noble animals, and are no less remarkable for their chivalrous dispositions than for their strength and endurance: gallant, yet docile; fiery, yet gentle; full of mettle, yet patient as a camel. They are very ferocious to each other, but suffer little children to pull about and play with them. Their beauty is not remarkable, at least to an English eye. They seldom exceed fourteen and a half, or at most fifteen hands in height: they have not good barrels, their chest is narrow, the pastern too much bent, and their quarters are seldom well turned. I only speak of these as defects in what would be considered symmetry in Europe: experience has proved to me that they argue no defect in Asia. The head is beautiful; the expansive forehead, the brilliant, prominent eye, and the delicately-shaped ear, would testify to nobleness in any animal; the high withers, and the shoulder well thrown back, the fine clean limbs, with their bunches of starting muscle, and the silken skin, beneath which all the veins are visible, show proofs of blood that never can deceive. The choicest horses come from the remoter parts of the desert, and cannot be said to have a price, as nothing but the direst necessity will induce their owners to part with them. There are three great classes recognised—the Kochlani, the Kadischi, and the Atteschi. The first are said to derive their blood from Solomon's stables, the second are of a mixed race, and the third have no claim to gentle breeding. The Kochlani are, as may be supposed, extremely scarce; but a great deal of their blood is distributed among the nameless breeds; and I never saw an exception to docility, high spirit, and endurance, even among the hacks of Beyrout and Jerusalem. A friend of mine rode his horse from Cairo to Suez, eighty-five miles, in twelve hours, and, resting for twelve more, returned within the following twelve: during these journeys the horse had no refreshment, except a gulp of water once to cool the bit. I have been on the same horse for twenty-four hours on one occasion, and for upwards of thirty on another, without any rest or refreshment, except once, for half an hour; when a few handfuls of barley were the only food. In both these instances, the horses never tasted water throughout their journeys.—*The Crescent and the Cross.*

THE THREE HOMES.

"WHERE is thy home?" I ask'd a child,
Who in the morning air
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair.
"My home," the happy heart reply'd,
And smil'd in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side
Where soft winds wander free."
Oh! blessings on thy artless youth,
And on its rosy hours,
When ev'ry word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers.

"Where is thy home?" I ask'd of *one*,
Who bent with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender strain
In the wild-wood's secret place.
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.
Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing!

"Where is thy home?" I ask'd of one,
He was a pilgrim grey,
Who came with furrow'd cheek and wan,
Slow musing on his way.
"My home," the happy man reply'd,
Upturn'd his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen;
My home is in the skies."
Oh! blest, thrice blest, the heart must be
To whom such thoughts are given,
Who flies from worldly fetters free,
Its only home, to Heaven!

I. D.

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